

## HELP! SOME ONE STOLE MY 1,000 PAIRS OF SHOES

Weisenberg, With Eye to Business, Offers Rest of Story for a Consideration.

'SCOOPED' BY REPORTER

Plain News Gatherer Got to Mysterious Harlem Robbery First—Here It Is.

One of the sons of Morris Weisenberg & Sons, shoe dealers, of No. 2050 Third avenue, breezed down to The World office this morning and frantically released from his panting breast the news that the shoe store had been robbed of 1,000 pairs of shoes. Mr. Weisenberg was only a day late with the news, the robbery having occurred yesterday morning, but he passed out the information as if it had been dug fresh from a crypt of deepest mystery.

After having merely duplicated the information already received from our Harlem reporter he asked sweetly: "Now, what is the commercial value of my information?"

"What?" asked the office reporter. "Yes, what?" said the still panting young man. "What do I get for telling you how we are robbed? Maybe fifty or a hundred dollars, yes?"

"Yes, not," said the reporter. The reporter endeavored to explain that The Evening World was really doing the Weisenbergs a favor in telling the story of how they were robbed. The young man had already a full report on the story.

Dollar Would Do. "And at any rate," said the reporter, "we usually pay only \$1 or so for tips on such unimportant news items."

"Well, I take the dollar, then," said Mr. Weisenberg. "I take the dollar and get me some cigars."

The following is the thrilling narrative of how the Weisenbergs were robbed of one thousand pairs of shoes, as communicated to the office by The Evening World's alert Harlem reporter:

Inspector McCafferty made a flying visit to Harlem to-day to learn whether or not his crime-hunters up there are suffering from myopia, astigmatism or inverted vision. He is really anxious to discover why the Harlem uniformed and plain-clothed force permitted a party of burglars to invade the big shoe store of Morris Weisenberg & Sons, at No. 2050 Third avenue, and steal one thousand pairs of shoes.

Just think of it! ONE THOUSAND pairs of shoes. Count 'em—ten hundred pairs, not to mention eight-seventeen pairs of rubbers.

It certainly was a neat job. McCafferty admits that. It must have taken several hours and occasioned the presence nearby of a pair of trucks, or one moving van. How many trips the shoe thieves made from the store to the waiting vehicles is giving McCafferty some pause, for he estimates that the gang made something like fifty trips in cleaning out the store.

Doors Are There Still. Of course all the policemen were on their posts when the robbery occurred. Haughtily they paced to and fro, and to and to, before Weisenberg's store.

But somehow they did not see or hear what went on within and behind the brilliantly lighted shoe emporium. No, the thieves did not take off the front doors and go in. They took off the back door, however, carefully unscrewing the hinges. They carried the door to the rear of the yard and laid it carefully down in a corner. Then they went on down into the cellar and took out their saws and axes and sky-rocketed down into the cellar where they found a door leading to a back room. They went on down into the cellar where they found a door leading to a back room. They went on down into the cellar where they found a door leading to a back room.

Robbers Most Inconsiderate. But that was only a beginning of the vile deed practiced by this gang. They must have secreted their vans or trucks around the corner instead of driving them up to the front door. Nor did they feel the necessity of moving on the premises headed by a drum and rifle corps, illuminating their way with Roman candles, pinwheel and sky-rockets. Then if they had only had the decency to set off a dozen or so Chinese bombs the Harlem sleuths might have acquitted themselves with credit instead of covering themselves with defeat, as McCafferty put it.

In view of the thoroughness with which the invading crowd cleaned out the shoe store, it is not unlikely that they were accompanied by a half-dozen shoe clerks hired for the occasion. They went about the job handsomely enough. Working from shelf to shelf, they removed each pair of shoes separately from its box, passed them down into the cellar, whence they were relayed to the waiting van or trucks. Altogether, about two tons of shoes were adroitly disposed of in this manner. The thieves left no address or photograph to help the police out.

The robbery was discovered yesterday when Mr. Morris Weisenberg & Sons opened up the shop. So overwhelmed were they at their losses that they waited almost a day before reporting the robbery. They couldn't believe it possible till they had opened up the thousand shoe boxes and rubbed in the eighty-seven gumshoe rubbers. At the discovery that each separate individual and sequent box was empty the Weisenberg family went over into a series of brief swoons.

When one of the Weisenberg sons recovered sufficiently this morning he bet himself to himself to go to Park Row and offer the story of the robbery to The World. When he came back to Harlem he passed away into another swoon.

13 UP-STATE TOWNS "DRY." PERRY, N. Y., Feb. 24.—The town of Perry yesterday voted non-license by a majority of 250. Thirteen of the sixteen towns in this county are now dry.

## New York Society Gasps At the Barefoot Dance Of Lady Constance

General Verdict Was "It's Lovely and Charming, but Do You Think It Is Exactly Proper?"

By Nixola Greeley-Smith.



When the flash of a barefoot dance fell first on Sherry's green and gold, and tickets at \$5 per to each and all were sold. This cry went up from us who paid in silver, gold or copper—

While the devil grinned behind the scenes—"It's pretty, but is it proper?"

—NO apologies to Rudyard Kipling. Diana danced before New York society yesterday afternoon. Of course, she appeared under an alias—that of Lady Constance Stewart McKenzie Richardson—for no mere goddess without a handle to her name could pass the sacred portals of Sherry's, where the dance occurred.

Diana—otherwise the titled huntress whose eccentricities have startled and won New York—was lean as the lionesses she has slaughtered in Africa—graceful as the tigresses whose pelts adorn her Scottish castle—soft as the British accent of her liege lord, Sir Edward Stewart Richardson, who had given his consent to Lady Constance's appearance in aid of the Infants Milk Deposits before New York's Four Hundred.

Salome danced for the head of John the Baptist, Lady Constance for the heart of New York, which led those who witnessed the latter effort to realize that the daughter of Herodias had a clench.

The Verdict of New York. However, let us hear the verdict of New York, even before we consider the performance of Lady Constance.

Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, in black and orchids, sat in the front row and applauded. Mrs. Fish is always generous in her judgments. I believe if she had sat in the Roman circus she would have held her thumbs up despite the popular clamor for blood. But the New York matron who sat next her voiced the more general verdict.

"Of course," she said to the strawberry roan next her, "it's lovely, it's charming, but can you imagine any woman doing it who didn't have to support herself?"

And the strawberry roan answered, taking every word as if it were a fence, in the English fashion. "No, indeed, yes, her poor husband, who's awfully wealthy, really admires it. He told me so. He doesn't object in the least. He thinks it the most beautiful, the highest art."

Incidentally, it was the highest art. The orchestra played Mendelssohn's Spring Song rather blantly.

One inferred, indeed, from the emphasis of the strings, that Mendelssohn's spring was the sort that comes in like a lion.

Softly as Inspiration. And then Lady Constance came in—softly as inspiration in the soul of a poet—mightily as love in the heart of a woman.

She was nude up to the knees. Her tunic, which seemed to be the sole garment she wore, was of pale amber girdled at the breast and about the loins with a cord.

One saw first her sparkling face with the brown Niagara of hair, that swirled and eddied down her lithe back, then the twinkling, naked feet that trod to the music of the strings, that brought to mind the Sculptor Dorian's description of Trilby:

"The girl with the feet of alabaster. The wonderful heels of rose."

Like Trilby's, by the way, they were not small feet. And they danced, with no miming ballroom step, but with the mad freedom of a wood nymph capering to the pipes of Pan.

I had seen women dance to the Mendelssohn Spring Song before—Isadora Duncan, for instance. The vernal season she typified was a matronly, thoroughly assured affair, a sort of Dowager Spring whom one never expected to introduce her debutante daughter, Summer.

A Sophisticated Spring Song. Then there was the spring song of Gertrude Hoffman, with nothing rose-colored about it except the draperies—a very sophisticated Broadway sort of spring that suggested new gowns for old ones, old hearts for new ones—the regular Hilaro Renaissance that marks the end of Lent and the theatrical season.

But Lady Constance's was none of these. To me it was youth and love and laughter. It made me understand the brief colloquy between Margaret Fuller and Ralph Waldo Emerson when they watched Fannie Ellsler dance: "Ralph, this is poetry!" "Margaret, this is religion!"

However, there were some two dozen or more men present at Lady Constance's dance. It may be that to them she was just a tall, lean, scantily clad woman with bare arms and legs, doing something they would not care to have their wives and sisters do.

This is what Lady Constance did, by the way, to follow the programme, which cost a quarter:

The Programme. Entertainment in Aid of The Infants' Milk Deposits. Maintained by the New York Milk Committee. Mr. George Wickham, President. Spring Song by Mendelssohn. Aes's Tod from Peer Gynt. Greek Polka. Lady Constance Stewart Richardson. Monologue. Miss Ruth Draper. Antira's Tans from Peer Gynt. Greek Tuder Haila des Barakoenias. Greek Lady Constance Stewart Richardson. Monologue. Miss Ruth Draper. Rhapody in F. Rubinstein. Lady Constance Stewart Richardson. The later dances were done in a tunic of the color of dried jacinth leaves. But there was the beauty of fresh jacinth leaves about them all.

\$28 FOR EACH BALLOT CAST. CHICAGO, Feb. 24.—It cost the city of Evanston \$28 for each ballot cast at yesterday's primary election. There was no contest in the election and only the Socialist party had a ticket in the field. Twenty-five votes were cast at a total cost of \$700 for holding the primaries.

## Actress Who Has Quit Vaudeville, and Mrs. Stillman, Her Daughter



Mrs. James Brown Potter. AMERICA CHILLY, SO MRS. POTTER QUIT THE STAGE. Actress Voluntarily Abandons Her Tour in Vaudeville—Gives Up \$3,000 a Week.

Mrs. Brown Potter's own realization that her vaudeville appearances here were a failure has led to her withdrawal from the tour of the country which had been arranged for her by William Morris (Inc.). An officer of the company made the statement to-day that Mrs. Potter's retirement was as voluntary as it was welcome and that her present relations with William Morris (Inc.) were amicable.

Mrs. Potter was engaged in London for an American tour of ten weeks at \$3,000 a week. She appeared here at Blaney's Lincoln Square Theatre. Her first audiences were large, but at the end of three weeks people were going out for a smoke during the period of her turn.

Work Not Appreciated. A tour of the West was planned, but, according to the William Morris concern, Mrs. Potter said that she saw that her talents were not of a sort the American public could appreciate, and that her tour was going to be unpleasant, if not humiliating.

She suggested that she take a vacation of two weeks to visit members of her family in New Orleans. Then she would come back and try either Brooklyn or Boston, and if it was found that public taste was not better educated in those cities than in New York she would terminate her engagement.

She came back in the second week of February and did try Boston. After one week she gave up and came back to the home of her daughter in New York, Mrs. James Stillman.

Not Appreciated Here. In reply to the queries put to her Mrs. Potter said: "I have much work ahead of me in England, where some appreciation and understanding of my work and career have been shown. Now as it has become apparent that my movements and plans are of the slightest interest to the American public I must decline to discuss them with the benefit of American newspapers."

But as to her remarks of troubles with my managers or statements that I am ill or am having quarrels with them, "My career is before me in England. There real art has its reward. Foreigners give me the support and sympathy which my countrymen and women have denied me. Hence, I return to them. Will I return to vaudeville in America again? Well, would you, when you are satisfied no amount of years will prepare the theatre-going public for the classic art of the stage?"

BLUE AND GRAY TO FORM COURT OF HONOR TO FLEET. Army Veterans Will Take a Conspicuous Part in Reception at Norfolk.

NORFOLK, Va., Feb. 24.—Admiral Sperry to-day formally accepted Norfolk's invitation for the entertainment of the officers and men of the fleet on Feb. 27. There will be a parade, followed by a reception to the officers at a hotel and to the enlisted men at the new Rockwell Hotel. The Virginia military will participate in the parade. A notable feature will be the formation of a "court of honor" at the reviewing stand, by the surviving Confederate soldiers of Norfolk, Portsmouth and other Virginia cities, wearing their uniforms of gray and through whose lines the parading soldiers and sailors will pass. The committee also extended an invitation to Warden-Newell Post, Grand Army of the Republic, to join the Confederate veterans in forming the "court of honor." This post will invite other posts to participate.

## FORTUNE GONE IN STOCK SLUMP, KILLS HIMSELF

Herman Abeles Hears Over 'Phone that His All Had Melted Away.

BODY FOUND IN LOFT.

Forced Out of Business with Brother Because He Always Speculated.

His fortune swept away by the slump in stocks, Herman A. Abeles, fifty-four years old, of No. 834 West End avenue, where he made his home with his sister, Mrs. Levy, shot and killed himself some time last night in the loft at No. 171 Green street, where his brothers, Morris B. and Edward Abeles, conduct a women's and misses' hat factory.

The last seen or heard of the ruined speculator was shortly before 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon, when from the business office of his brothers he called up his broker and asked the condition of the market. Following the broker's reply Abeles dropped the telephone receiver and, burying his face in his hands, cried out: "My God! I have been wiped out!"

Then he left the office and nothing was heard of him until one of the employees of the factory found the body in the loft this morning. A revolver lying nearby told the tale. There were two bullet wounds in the roof of the mouth.

For many years Abeles was in business with his brother, D. C. Abeles, at St. Cloud, Minn. He was a speculator ever, and this led to differences with his brother and he sold out his interest in the firm and came to New York, where two more brothers had succeeded to the business of Joseph Schwartz & Co. when Mrs. Schwartz retired several years ago.

Worried All Day.

Herman Abeles was a frequent visitor to the offices of his brothers here, and he often approached them upon the subject of buying an interest in their business. Knowing his fondness for the stock market, in which he continued to operate freely after coming here, they invariably declined his propositions.

Abeles spent the better part of yesterday at his brothers' place of business and at frequent intervals called up Mr. Atkins, his broker. He was much worried when he learned that certain stocks had broken and turning to Miss Annie Cohen, secretary to his brothers, he said that he was carrying 750 shares of New York Central stock, as well as big blocks of other stocks, and unless the market picked up he would have trouble in protecting his deals.

His final call was made shortly before the market closed for the day and then it was that he arose and slowly walked from the room.

Just how Abeles gained access to the loft again after his departure at 3 o'clock is still shrouded in mystery. No one saw him return, and the employee who locked up the place last night declared this morning he had made the customary rounds and no one was in that part of the building but himself.

Left Farewell Letters. This man was Michael Sellers. He was the first to arrive this morning and in consequence found the body of Abeles. The old man was crouched in a corner, his head bowed upon his breast, and within a foot of the body was the pistol. Two chambers of the revolver contained empty shells and the other three had not been exploded.

Sellers at once notified a policeman, who began a search of the office, thinking that the old man might have left a letter which might throw some light on the tragedy.

His surmise was correct, for on one of the desks of the private office were three letters. The first was addressed to Mrs. Levy, another to M. B. Abeles, and the third to his brother, D. C. Abeles, at St. Cloud. As the letters were stamped, neither the policeman nor Coroner Dooley, who arrived a little later, would break the seals.

The body of Abeles was removed to the home of his sister, in West End avenue. Neither Mrs. Levy nor M. B. Abeles would divulge the contents of the letters their brother had written them just prior to killing himself.

PRIZE FOOD

Palatable, Economical, Nourishing. A Nebr. woman has outlined the prize food in a few words, and that from personal experience. She writes: "After our long experience with Grape-Nuts I cannot say enough in its favor. We have used this food almost continually for seven years. 'We sometimes tried other advertised breakfast foods, but we invariably returned to Grape-Nuts as the most palatable, economical and nourishing of all."

"When I quit tea and coffee and began to use Postum and Grape-Nuts I was a nervous wreck. I was so irritable I could not sleep nights; had no interest in life."

"After using Grape-Nuts a short time I began to improve and all these ailments have disappeared, and now I am a well woman. My two children have been almost raised on Grape-Nuts, which they eat three times a day."

"They are pictures of health and have never had the least symptom of stomach trouble; even through the most severe stage of whooping cough they could retain Grape-Nuts when all else failed."

"Grape-Nuts food has saved doctor bills and has been, therefore, a most economical food for us."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville" in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

## POLICE HID FACTS TO SHIELD WOMAN, SAYS MAGISTRATE

Cornell Declares Detectives Did Their Best to Cover Up Evidence.

In holding Jennie Palmer for the Court of General Sessions in bonds of \$500 Magistrate Cornell in the West Side Court took occasion to-day to rap the members of the police force who had gone through the motions of working up the case.

"Because of the very clever work of these very clever gentlemen," said the Magistrate, "I came near letting this woman go. They did their best to cover up the evidence and hold back the facts. Had it not been for the work of the complainant, who really acted as his own detective, she would certainly have gone free."

The complainant complimented was Fred Harberday, a motorman, of No. 45 West Sixty-sixth street. Harberday was in a saloon at Sixty-sixth street and Columbus avenue last Saturday morning, when a man whom he met there gave him a card bearing the name of the Palmer woman. Harberday went to her flat at No. 16 West Fifty-sixth street.

According to his story, she gave him a knockout drop. When he recovered his senses, two hours later, he was lying in a doorway, half a block away. His money—\$96—and a pin worth \$300 were gone, and all he had was a headache.

He hailed Mounted Policeman Vinegar, who arrested the woman, while she, according to Harberday, was in the act of getting the cash of a second victim.

Plain Clothes Man Walsh, of the West Sixty-sixth street station, was supposed to be helping Vinegar to secure evidence against the Palmer woman, but, as well as the Magistrate could tell, the plain efforts had been directed to letting her go set free.

The motorman told the Magistrate that yesterday, the man who originally stole him into the woman's hands came to him, saying that if he would withdraw the charge his money and pin would be restored to him. The same man attempted to give half the woman yesterday afternoon, but could not provide sufficient surety.

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## SOLDIERS CAUGHT PEDDLING LOOT FROM MANSION

Four Artillerymen Arrested for Burglary of Staten Island House.

Four United States artillerymen from Fort Wadsworth, between twenty-six and nineteen years old, were taken to Police Headquarters this morning, charged with burglary, by Detectives Considine, Burke and Manley.

In the week of Feb. 14 Fox Hill Villa, on Fingerboard road, Staten Island, the home of Mrs. Mabel P. Haskell, was left unoccupied. In that week all the silverware, bric-a-brac and rugs in the house, with a lot of clothing, were stolen.

Since then for several days soldiers have been peddling opera cloaks, brass paperweights and rugs all around the neighborhood at ridiculous prices. The police made an investigation and arrested Private Harley W. Weaver, John Eberhard, Harry Wells and Howard Mercer. They will be put on trial before Magistrate Marsh at Stapleton.

CAPT. HUTCHINS SENT HOME AT OWN REQUEST.

RICHMOND, Feb. 24.—In an interview here to-day Rear-Admiral Sperry said:

"Capt. Hutchins was detached from command of the battleship Kearsarge because he made the request, a positive request, and I sent him home aboard a mail steamer."

"Was his removal intended as a disciplinary measure?"

"It most certainly was not." "Was he ill or suffering from any ailment?"

"I don't know. I didn't ask."

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